

**THE EVENING WORLD.**  
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11th.  
SUBSCRIPTION (Including Postage),  
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**  
The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening World. No ad of the rate of that issue applying to the morning edition.

**THE FIRST DAY'S RECORD.**

Score one for THE EVENING WORLD as a news-gatherer: In addition to all the current news of the day, and full reports of sporting events in its extra edition, it presented the public in its first issue with an exclusive, extended and remarkable interview with Gov. Hill.

Score another for THE EVENING WORLD as the alert ally of Justice: It gave the detectives yesterday a most important clue, that may solve the hitherto impenetrable mystery of the murder of LILLIAN HOLLY at Webster, Mass.

Score for THE EVENING WORLD the liveliest and most successful debut in the history of journalism. That after 3.80 p. m. 111,410 copies of the first issue of a new paper should be sold is an achievement phenomenal and unparalleled. This heartiest of popular greetings is an inspiring incentive for the future.

The career of THE EVENING WORLD will justify the auspices of its birth.

**STRAINING AT A GNAW.**

It is all very well to stop collar-button raffles and the little fair lotteries, as the law pronounces against them. But the great wheel of chance in Wall Street still revolves, and gamblers with big stakes flourish high above the statutes. An innocent slipper raffle is at once suppressed. But a speculator's corner in the necessities of life goes unrebuked. The camel is unnoticed, while the goat is promptly squelched. What a scathing satire on the inequalities of our laws!

**A METROPOLITAN NECESSITY.**

Strut up the transportation question, gentlemen. The elevated roads as at present conducted are utterly incapable of meeting the public want. They are doubtless inadequate under any system of management. Their inefficiency is demonstrated daily to the discomfort and danger of several hundred thousand people. They are as baby carriages to the adult metropolis. Give us something better. The growth of the city is cramped by this lack of transportation facilities. Thousands are crowded out to Brooklyn and Jersey, who would prefer to remain on the island.

Give us an underground road, and perhaps two of them. They must be both central and cheap. And hurry up the work. It is a necessity.

**A VINDICATION OF REFORM.**

The results of the examination of subordinates for promotion at the Custom-House afford conclusive evidence of the superiority of the competitive over the patronage system of appointment. A very large percentage of the clerks who entered the service under the Civil Service Law passed the examination with a high average. Many clerks who owed their original positions to their exertions as political henchmen evinced an extraordinary amount of stupidity and ignorance in answering the simplest questions. Some seventy-five incompetents will be discharged.

This sort of work vindicates the reform theory. There is no good reason why it should be exceptional or local. To the rear with the drones, blockheads and brainless boozers everywhere. Let practical business principles prevail throughout all the great business agencies of the Government.

**TO RANDOLPH B. MARTINE.**

You have done well as District-Attorney; so well that the people are for you and the politicians against you. You can have no higher compliment.

You want to be Judge of Sessions. You have won the promotion. The politicians want to nominate you again for District-Attorney simply because they desire to head off the popular demand, that your brilliant young assistant, Dr. LANCY NICOLL, shall be your successor in that office.

Our advice to you is, do not let the politicians use you to destroy you. Refuse their nomination for District-Attorney. Then the people will nominate you for Judge of Sessions, with Dr. LANCY NICOLL for District-Attorney, and will elect you both.

**A WEAK PLATFORM.**

Gov. HILL made some admirable and forcible points in his interesting interview with THE EVENING WORLD correspondent. But he overstates the case in declaring that "the laboring man is satisfied with the provisions of the Democratic platform this fall." That platform, with the exception of its excellent plank on the tariff question, has mighty little to commend itself to the approval of the laboring man or anybody else. It is not on a par with the party. It is not an adequate expression of the sentiment of the Democratic masses on the burning issues of the day. It is dumb on the aggressions of corporate power. It is silent on the corruption of the money-bag in politics. It ignores the great question of temperance and other moral issues that are stirring the community.

If the Democrats carry the State this fall, they will do so not because, but in spite of, their platform.

**INVESTIGATION NEEDED.**

The World's story of NELLIE BROWN, the most interesting portion of which is to be published next Sunday, is not a romance. It is a plain record of every-day life in the City. It is a story of a woman who is transpiring while

our business men are absorbed in their daily pursuits and while our millionaires are seeking to kill time in the pursuit of pleasure.

The effect of the revelations ought not to cease with the passing of the interest they have excited. They should lead to a close and careful scrutiny of every individual case of alleged lunacy at least in our public institutions. An examination by experts conducted independently of the persons connected with the institutions might lead to the discovery of cases which ought to be treated elsewhere than in a lunatic asylum, and would at least satisfy the public mind that no sane person is undergoing the horrible fate of confinement in a mad-house.

**A FALSE PRETENSE.**

If the Inspectors of Election who are duly appointed and will serve as honest men, prepared to protect the ballot-box from fraud and to make a fair count, the failure of the Labor party to obtain the additional Inspectors to which the law entitles them will not be of much consequence. But the fight made against the appointment of the new Inspectors creates the suspicion that some dishonest work is expected in the canvass of the votes.

However this may be, the pretense that the United Labor party cannot claim to have cast 68,000 votes last year because Progressives, Socialists and other voters of its ticket is absurd. It might as well be said that Mr. Hewitt was not elected by the Democratic party because Tammany, County Democracy, Mugwumps and Republicans voted for him. Mr. GRONOX was the candidate of the Labor party last year and is its candidate this year.

**HOW THE DEMOCRATS STAND.**

Gen. CLARK, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, says that "the minimum Democratic clear majority over all in the present House will be ten, and it may be fourteen." There are four vacancies—two in this State, one in Rhode Island and one in Louisiana. If Rhode Island elects a Republican to the House, the choice of the next President, if the election should be thrown into the House, would stand: Republican, 20—just enough to elect; Democratic, 17, and New Hampshire tied.

What a contrast this is to the last House, in which the Democrats had 43 majority, while the vote by States stood, Democratic, 19; Republican, 16; tied, 3. Yet when the last House of Representatives was elected the Republicans held the Government and the Democrats were ostracized from the Federal service, while the present House was chosen after a Democratic Administration had been nearly two years in control at Washington.

Who will contend, after this, that the possession of power and patronage is all that is needed to make a political party strong?

The Government's policy of condemning and killing diseased cattle and paying the owners \$40 a head ought to be stopped by Mr. BRONX or some other humane person. Speculators are buying up old cows at \$10 a head, putting a diseased animal over to infect the herd and then practically selling their carcasses to Uncle Sam at a profit of \$30 each.

The Central Park botanist and his force have all they can do to fight the parasites of the Park, all sorts of ugly insects that eat up the leaves and sap the juices of the trees. How similar they are to the parasites of the public service, and what a pity it is that we cannot find a botanist to destroy the latter.

The first shock of surprise at HIGGINS's announcement of his intention to retire from his office as Appointment Clerk will be tempered by the additional announcement that he contemplates "retiring" into another official position with more salary and "more like a snap."

The Police Board violates a plain law in refusing to appoint Inspectors of Election for the United Labor party. The Commissioners who obstruct the statute should be held responsible and made to answer for the offense.

Anarchist DUBOIS is yearning to cast a playful little bomb at the Czar. The valiant DUBOIS is anxious to defend him with his life's blood. A judicious friend of the Czar should introduce these two worthies and let them fit it out.

Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the editor and proprietor of the esteemed and prosperous Herald, is back in the city after a prolonged absence in Europe. We welcome his return, and hope he will now remain at home.

England has just built on the Clyde the fastest war cruiser afloat. Well, we must build a Yankee cruiser to beat her as badly as the Volunteer beat the Thistle. Wake up, Secretary Whitney!

A circulation of 100,000 has heretofore been the rarely realized dream of leading journalists after a lifetime of exertion. The EVENING WORLD surpassed that figure at a bound.

A motto for the dinner to PAINE and BRAGG after their thrice-achieved victory: If at first you do succeed, why, keep on succeeding.

The GRONOX men will suspect, if they don't inspect, as a result of the slamming of the door of technicality in their faces.

A big sugar trust is now in process of formation. There is nothing sweet about it to the people's taste.

Net a Square Snake.  
[From the Washington Critic.]  
"Der ain't no use tryin' a square snake in disher country," said a tough-looking young man.

"What's de matter; please open you again?"  
"Now, but I und'win' Jimmy de Bruiser's got twice as big a photograph in the Rogues' Gallery as I have. Anybody knows I stand higher in de profession den he does."

Slow Travelling.  
[From the Providence Journal.]  
There are some stumbling blocks in the way of J. Edgar Hoover's progress in the way of the Progress of the Progressed land.

**FICS AND THISTLES.**

The buyer of a large Cincinnati tobacco house, who is paid \$10,000 a year to know good tobacco when he sees it, neither smokes nor chews.

Isaac Ellis, a Petersburg, Va., patriarch, has just taken unto himself his eighth wife. Ellis is seventy-five years old and is the father of thirty-eight children.

A person who has seen the two card cases made of Franzini's skin states that the material resembles pigskin, but is somewhat mottled in consequence of having been tanned too hastily.

A French newspaper has an item to the effect that a poor shoemaker of Paris, named Polrat, received word from the Foreign Office recently that an uncle had died in Chicago and left him \$5,000,000. Polrat has been living on 60 cents a day.

A cyclone which whizzed by Laramie, Wyo., recently, avoiding the town but causing a good deal of destruction on the plains, was seen to touch the earth and throw up an immense cloud of dust. A ranchman who passed the spot soon afterwards found that it had scooped out a big basin-shaped hole as large as an ordinary cellar.

The Sophomores of Berkeley University in San Francisco started in to "rush" the Freshmen, but the latter routed their persecutors and took one of them prisoner. The unlucky Sophomore stood up in a corner and deluged with ice water, after which he was sent back wet and shivering to his friends as a warning against future rashness.

Mooselomogut, Molychukunkum and Welkomehacook are the melodious names of three lakes in the Rangely region in Maine, the happy fishing and hunting grounds of the Boston sportsmen. The folk lore of the locality relates that the first mentioned lake was named by an old hunter who shot a moose near it, and in describing the action afterwards, said simply: "Moose-look-my gun-tick."

Late sojourners at Saratoga are interested in a curious phenomenon. It was noticed one day that some leaves that had fallen into a new spring were covered to a thickness of nearly a quarter of an inch with a substance resembling lime. The question now arises in the minds of the patrons of the spring. If the water can deposit so heavy a sediment on the leaves, how thick is the sediment in the drinkers' stomach?

The guardians of the King of Anam's seraglio, as is customary in Oriental countries, are all eunuchs, and of one of these a romantic story is told. He was so gentle and graceful a youth, and so handsome, that he was regarded with special favor by the queen and was given the honorable post of guardian to the royal tombs. One morning this charming fellow eloped with an officer of the guard. It was then discovered that the trusted officer was a woman who had thus disguised herself in order to enjoy the pay and privileges accorded to the guardians of the royal harem. The couple were duly married and, instead of beholding them, the King visited his custom and granted them a gracious pardon.

All of the seven Swedish officers who are present with their men at the International encampment in Chicago are accomplished linguists. Every man of them speaks English and French as fluently as his native tongue, and most of them speak German. Two or three of them speak Italian, and two can converse easily in modern Greek. They are all young, and yet all of them have seen hard service. Lieut. Viera, although not much over thirty, has been a soldier for eleven years, three of which were passed with Stanley in Africa. The Swedish, Danish and Norwegian commissioned officers present at the encampment number twenty-two, and are the pick of their respective little armies.

There is a grim humor about the Missouri Bad Knobs when they lead them to drop into poverty occasionally when warning an obnoxious neighbor to leave the country. James Robinson, near Springfield, recently received a postcard from them, one verse of which ran:

A moss of fish now and then,  
Occasionally a big fat hen,  
Or a bushel of wheat  
From some man's bin.

Little things like these they did not mind, but when the plucking became more extensive it was decided that he must go. A bundle of hickory switches accompanied the note, and although Mr. Robinson has not gone yet he appreciates the risk of delay.

W. R. Pease, who lives near San Jose, Cal., had an exciting adventure with an eagle a short time ago. His attention was attracted to the cries of the eagle in the corral about a clock in the evening, and on going to learn the cause, he saw a large eagle trying to fly over the fence with a young calf in its talons. Mr. Pease seized a pitchfork and struck the bird, which dropped the calf and attacked him. One blow from the eagle's wings knocked him down, but he finally succeeded in lopping it on one of the prongs of the pitchfork and finished the job with a shotgun. The calf was so badly injured that it had to be killed. The eagle was the largest ever seen in that part of California.

**SKILLFUL CARD-SHUFFLERS.**

J. W. Pigott is partial to hearts.

J. W. Riley is a hustler at euchre.

Dixey is a wonderful poker-player.

Bob Hilliard likes to play, if he wins.

Billy Florence is a good euchre player.

Henry Edwards enjoys progressive whist.

James Lewis likes a social rubber of whist.

Maurice Barrymore is addicted to solitaire.

John Mackey seldom misses a trick in whist.

Kyle Bellew is a devotee of three-card monte.

Ben Maginley is always ready for a game of seven-up.

Alfred Pollin knows all the games with cards worth knowing.

Louis Aldrich never misses a rubber of whist if he can help it.

De Wolf Hopper practices three-card monte playing for fun.

**WOMEN WHO DRIVE.**

Attractive Turnouts to Be Seen on Pleasant Afternoons.

Driving is more than ever in vogue with that class of New York women who own horses and take the air in their private carriages. The feminine whips make quite a feature in the processional of well-turned turnouts that stream through Central Park from 4 o'clock until 6. They are as striking as the equestriennes. When the throng of carriages pours out of the Fifth Avenue entrance to the Park and the world and its wife rattles over the smooth street on its way home to dinner, numbers of young women—who are usually young, well-mannered and of good status—attend to the adaptiveness with which they handle the reins.

The women affect several styles of vehicle. The village cart still holds its own, but the most correct thing is a carefully appointed "spider" phaeton and a pair of spanking cobs, their tails docked, the hoofs gleaming and their well-groomed flanks shining like mirrors. Behind, on the airy perch, a flunkey sits in stately repose, the arms tightly folded and his English face as expressionless as a flat-iron. Yet his mistress can give him a point or two. She sits bolt upright and keeps her mind on the guidance of her horses. The same girl in a victoria, with a bulky coachman managing the reins, would droop as languidly in her aristocratic repose as a wilting flower, but not when she is doing the driving.

Her trim figure is neatly defined by a tailor-made suit, her gloved hands exert a firm pressure on the reins, and with a quick eye she keeps the reins through the driving-bar as the big horse tugged at them, chafing to let himself out. When the fair driver gets out into open street she gives him his head more. She was the wife of the proprietor of a large Seventh Avenue stable.

They like it, especially the swell young society girls. Women are always drawn to what is manly in the way of exercise or diversion. They like to feel the reins of a horse, to feel the pulse of the animal, to feel the power that is in the muscles of his neck and the power that is in the muscles of his legs. They like to feel the reins of a horse, to feel the pulse of the animal, to feel the power that is in the muscles of his neck and the power that is in the muscles of his legs.

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**Snake Sharp's Family and Servants.**

[From a New York Letter.]

Two magnificent big black horses prancing in front of a carriage, in the polished panels of which the pedestrians saw themselves as in a looking-glass. A driver in a footman's coat and high top hat, with a look of a man who knows his horse and knows his horse, was driving a pair of magnificent black horses. The carriage was a masterpiece of the art, and the driver was a masterpiece of the art. The carriage was a masterpiece of the art, and the driver was a masterpiece of the art.

It was a cruel one.

[From the Chicago Journal.]

Passing over Wells street bridge last evening a wee-begone lad asked a suburban for a quarter to get me some money. "Young man," he said, "I am from the suburbs. I can tell you where you can find both gold and silver." "Where?" the boy asked, eagerly. "The ignorant beggar boy didn't know what the funny man meant, but he saw from his looks that he didn't mean to give him anything but what he wanted."

**Practising Economy.**

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"You must be a very young man," said the old gentleman; "you are altogether too extravagant." "I do practice economy," was the response. "I only eat a bowl of bread and milk to-day for my lunch."

Alfred Pollin knows all the games with cards worth knowing.

Louis Aldrich never misses a rubber of whist if he can help it.

De Wolf Hopper practices three-card monte playing for fun.

Stuart Robinson likes to play solitaire in his dressing-room.

A mother who had started her five-year-old to school on Monday. She and her daughter had previously instructed him in reading, spelling and arithmetic. On the second day, on his return from school, his sister asked him how he had got along, and he had done some sums.

"Yes," he said.

"What kind of sums were they? hard?" asked his sister.

"Only kid sums," he answered sneeringly.

**She Didn't Remember Him.**

Fashionable Young Woman to dry goods clerk—I should like to look at some lace, please.

**THEY WANT TO BE SENATORS.**

LIVELY AND CLOSE CONTESTS IN SEVERAL OF THE CITY DISTRICTS.

Ex-Congressman Muller Has Emigrated to Staten Island and Thinks He Can Beat Col. Murphy With the Rural Vote—A Deal by Van Cott Which May Cause Trouble—The Labor Vote a Factor in the Ninth.

New York City is represented at Albany by seven Senators. The present representatives are Michael C. Murphy, Edward F. Reilly, James Daly, Thomas C. Dunham, John J. Cullen, William C. Traphagan and George W. Plunkitt.

Murphy and Daly are credited to the County Democracy, although Daly is not a stalwart organization man. Reilly, Cullen, Traphagan and Plunkitt are Tammany Hall braves. Dunham attends Wigwam meetings, although he is not on friendly terms with a few of the Tammany chiefs.

The Republicans of this city were not represented in the upper house at the last session of the legislature. In 1885 the united Democratic nominees were elected in every one of the several Senatorial districts of the city. The Republicans are determined to elect one, if not two, of their candidates.

The contests for Senator in several of the districts promise to be lively and close. The Fifth District takes in Richmond County and the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth and Fourteenth wards and part of the Fourth Ward of this city. Col. Michael C. Murphy will be renominated by the County Democracy and Tammany Hall for a third term. The district is overwhelmingly Democratic, but there is an immense Labor vote in it, as fully nine-tenths of the residents of the extreme lower wards are daily toilers. Ex-Congressman Nicholas Muller announces that he will be a candidate against Col. Murphy. He says he will run as an independent candidate with the Republican endorsement, and with the hope of getting support from the Labor party. The ex-Congressman no longer resides in the City. He has taken up his permanent residence in a villa on Staten Island, and his friends say that he is solid there. It is also asserted that Muller will have the regular Staten Island mailing behind him. He will leave Richmond County with 5,500 votes more than Col. Murphy will have done there.

The Colonel is not at all frightened by the threatened attack and is confident of his return to the Senate.

The Sixth District includes the Seventh, Eleventh and Thirteenth wards and the upper portion of the Fourth Ward. This is the district that has been represented by Thomas F. Grady and Timothy J. Campbell. For the past two years it has been represented by Edward F. Reilly, who is the Wigwam boss of the Sixth District. Reilly is a close ally of the County Democracy and is not in any way opposed to his nomination and re-election.

James Daly has been the Senator from the Seventh District for three terms, and rumor has it that he is not a candidate for a fourth term. Senator Daly is not now as high in favor with the County Democracy leaders as he was once upon a time. He voted for the ex-Congressman Muller, and it is an open question as to whether he will be cast with the powers that be in the New Amsterdam Club. The Senator himself says that he is tired of legislative duties, and has no personal desire for a continuance of Senatorial honors. Many of his admirers are mentioning his name for comptroller. The district has a large, energetic and Labor vote. It includes the Tenth and Seventeenth wards, and that portion of the city between Fourth and Thirtieth streets, Broadway and Third Avenue. Assemblyman Kunenman, of the Fourth District, has the reputation of being a close ally of the County Democracy. He is a close ally of the County Democracy and is not in any way opposed to his nomination and re-election.

Ex-Fire Commissioner Cornelius Van Cott will probably be the nominee of the Republican Party in the Eleventh District. The borough has been made historical by its political rows, and by being the stamping ground of ex-Senator Frederick S. Gibbs. The district has of late years been carried by the Original Machine. The late Mayor, George B. Deane, Jr., of the Ninth Assembly District, is booked for Civil Justice. This combination would leave out the Thirteenth Assembly District, and no person could be a deal to secure his nomination. George B. Deane, Jr., of the Ninth Assembly District, is booked for Civil Justice. This combination would leave out the Thirteenth Assembly District, and no person could be a deal to secure his nomination.

There are hundreds of anti-machine Republicans in the Thirteenth District who may rebel against Van Cott's nomination. Senator Dunham is not a person to be reckoned with. He would like to be placed on the county ticket for Comptroller.

The Ninth District has been a Democratic stronghold. It extends from Fourteenth to Eleventh streets, and from Third Avenue to the East River. Henry George got his heaviest vote in this section of the city last year. It is thought by many local politicians that the Labor vote in the district is a factor in the election. John J. Cullen wishes a renomination, and if Tammany Hall secures the Senatorship of this district in the harmony proceedings he may draw the prize for a third term, although his election is not a certainty. W. J. Boylan, clerk in the City Court, Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan and William Meehan have been talked of as the Labor nominees.

It is one of the young Labor chiefs of the Eighteenth Ward, County Democracy men are advocating Assemblyman McIntyre and ex-Assemblyman Haggerty for Senator. This is a very strong combination. Assemblyman Hagan as the union nominee would cut into the Labor vote. There has been some talk of nominating Judge Kelly, County Democracy, for Senator, and Tax Commissioner Feitner, Tammany Hall, for Civil Justice.

Assemblyman Jacob M. Cantor, of the Twenty-third District, is slated for the Eleventh District. He is a close ally of the County Democracy and is not in any way opposed to his nomination and re-election. He is a close ally of the County Democracy and is not in any way opposed to his nomination and re-election.

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**CANARIES ALWAYS IN FASHION.**

English Robins and Gray African Parrots are Growing in Favor.

It is usual, said Mr. Reiche, the bird man, "canaries are the popular pet birds this fall. We are importing more than ever this season, although the greater part that we have yet received are of the common variety, for which we obtain \$2 apiece. Later in the season we expect they will sell up to \$3."

"Then there is some choice between the birds?"

"Certainly, the Androsberg canaries have very soft, sweet notes and are always sought after. They are also somewhat larger than the common variety. They do not begin to come along till the holidays, and even then they are very scarce. They are never sold under \$5 apiece and a good singer will sometimes bring \$25."

"What other birds are desirable as pets?"

"There is quite a variety of European song birds imported nowadays, the best linnets, thrushes, bullfinches, blackbirds, magpies, goldfinches, nightingales, blackbirds, larks, robins and sparrows. The starlings, bullfinches and blackbirds are frequently trained to whistle one or two airs, and such birds are very valuable, no price being set for them. It is very difficult to get Europeans who own them to part with a good trained bird, and they will refuse almost any offer for a pet of this kind. The English robins are a beautiful song bird, and are very popular among bird fanciers. The nightingales will bring from \$8 to \$15 apiece."

"How about parrots; do you find the demand for them as active as ever?"

"There is a little difference. There is a demand for African gray parrots, which are the best talkers, and untrained birds of this variety will sell from \$4 to \$16 apiece. The yellow-headed parrots are another variety that can be easily trained and brings about the same price. The common species, the Cuban, bluehead and Maracabo, can be bought for \$4 to \$10, and on the market, of course, all these prices are for untrained birds. A trained talker will bring almost any price if the owners care to sell, which does not very often happen."

**STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.**

Col. Amos J. Parker, of Albany, stops at the Murray Hill.

Merchant Prince R. H. White, of Boston, registers at the Hoffman House.

Comptroller W. B. Moran, of Detroit, may be found at the Hoffman House.

Alex. McDonald, of the Halifax, N. S., is at the Hoffman House.

The Hoffman House boasts the entertainment of that staunch Trojan, ex-Senator R. A. Parmenter.

Charles Enen Johnson, of Philadelphia, whose printing ink has illuminated many a book and paper, is a guest at the Murray Hill. P. O. Leary writes himself from Connecticut on the Murray Hill Hotel register. No one has a better right, for he is Governor of that commonwealth.

Ex-Mayor Francis Hendricks, of Syracuse, who does not want to become an ex-Senator for two years to come, is stopping in close proximity to the headquarters of the Republican State Committee.

J. A. P. Reavis, of Washington, owns so much land that he would be in danger of being made a Senator. Anybody who owns so much land that he would be in danger of being made a Senator. Anybody who owns so much land that he would be in danger of being made a Senator.

Dr. Carlos F. McDonald is an expert in mental diseases who knows an insane person when he sees one. He is superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane, and is in close proximity to the headquarters of the Republican State Committee.

"Well," said Mr. Depew, while his left foot beat a tattoo on the carpeted floor of his apartment, "I know that Mr. Blaine does not particularly desire the nomination, and yet, as a matter of fact, he has no opposition to that office. It is a peculiar condition of affairs, but there is practically no opposition in the country to Mr. Blaine's nomination."

"Tell me," he added after a quiet pause, during which the nervous foot was also inactive, "the American people have instinctively a deep-seated sentiment in favor of fair play. When Mr. Tilden was elected President of the United States, he was elected as President of the United States, and if he had been nominated again he would have been elected again. Mr. Depew brought his right hand down upon the arm of his chair with forcible emphasis. "Now," said the people at the address, delivered by a phenomenal jassack with a reverent cognomen, resulted in the defeat of Mr. Tilden. The President, at the last election, he should have nominated again the result will be far different. As it was, he was defeated only by 150 votes, and since that time no people have had an opportunity to estimate what they got and what they have lost by that result."

**Two Swells from Abroad.**